

Company by [Welcome_to_yesterday](#)

Series: [My Harringrove Collection \[3\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Drunk Steve, Fluff, Harringrove, Hurt/Comfort, Kissing, M/M, Party, responsible Billy, well like one but still

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Summary:

When Steve gets bit too drunk at a party, it's Billy's turn to take the motherly role.

(I always see stuff with babysitter/mother Steve so I thought I'd switch it up a bit, enjoy)

Company

Author's Note:

As always, comments and kudos are appreciated but no hate

Billy had no idea how he'd gotten into the situation. The entire night had been crazy, his mind racing to comprehend it all before the grumbling of his boyfriend brought him back to reality.

"I'm cold," Steve whined, trying to shove his hands into Billy's shirt to gain some warmth.

"Well, how about I make you a nice, warm drink instead? Would the princess be interested in tea, coffee, a hot chocolate perhaps?" Billy's voice was softer than usually, yet it still had its playful tone. And, by now, Steve would've complained about it and shot a remark back, but his drunken state left him in nothing but giggles.

"I like hot chocolate," he whispered, his eyes slowly blinking open. Billy glanced down at him, wanting to gage how bad Steve was. Maybe now he could get him to the kitchen and patch up his wounds. "Hey, this is my house. I didn't party here," Steve slurred, his hand fumbling to push himself up from where he was laying on the couch.

"You got into a fight. So, I brought you home," Billy explained quietly, hooking his hands under Steve's arms and tugging him to his feet. "C'mon, let's go to the kitchen and I'll make you a hot chocolate."

Steve went to protest but his limp body moved with Billy, his eyes squinting at the harsh lights of the kitchen. Billy glanced at the dining table, debating whether to take one of the chairs, but his mental question was answered when Steve hauled himself on to the kitchen counter.

"You're like a child," Billy commented, and Steve laughed softly.

"Well, you're acting like a total mom," Steve shot back, laughing at his own joke as if it was funny.

In the light, Billy could finally assess Steve's damages and was just glad they weren't that bad. A few cuts and scrapes here and there but it was mostly just bruises that would form soon enough. His hands grabbed at the bottom of Steve's t-shirt, tugging it up and off whilst ignoring his grumbling. Steve's arms ended up twisted in the fabric

and Billy used that to his advantage, hooking it to the handle on the cupboard above to stop from any interference.

"You're no fun," Steve mumbled, Billy just tracing his finger gently over the marks that littered his torso before sighing.

"First aid stuff?" he questioned, and Steve squinted at each of the cupboards in turn before speaking.

"Under the sink," he replied, and Billy left him to retrieve the items. Crouching down and swinging open the door, his gaze swept the contents of the cupboard before landing on a Tupperware box filled with everything he needed. He grabbed it and was quick to return to Steve, who'd now gotten himself untangled from the shirt and it was tossed aside on the tiles.

"You gonna sit still?" Billy questioned, his voice back to its usual gruff tone. Steve just nodded his head before leaning it back against the cupboard.

The box was opened, and Billy's fingers roughly pushed aside each item until he found the ointment he needed, grabbing some band aids too. He then moved to the sink and ran two wash cloths under the cold water. Laying one across Steve's forehead, he used the other to clean up the open wounds.

"Head hurts," Steve whined, bringing Billy's attention up to the brunette's face.

"Yeah, I'm not surprised. Tommy slammed your head against a wall,"

"Tommy? A wall?"

"You really don't remember any of the fight?" Billy asked, concern lacing his words. Steve just shook his head and peeled the cloth from his forehead.

"All I remember is Nancy yelling, and then I hit the floor. After that, you were talking to me, and then I was at home," Steve mumbled, pulling a small laugh from Billy.

"Well, Harrington, it all started when you went for like your tenth cup of whatever was in the punch bowl. I grabbed your hand and asked you to stop, for your own sake. And you were just about to give in when Nancy Wheeler started yelling at me to get off you. Then you were going at her, slurring on every word," Billy explained, watching as Steve's face twisted in regret. "That's not even the bad part. You tried to backup out of it and ended up falling right on to Tommy, somehow managing to grope him in the process. Kid ended up beating the shit out of you and left you in the front yard, which is where I come in."

"Lemme guess, King Billy was the princess' knight in shining armour?" Steve grumbled, and Billy gave him a swift nod.

"You've hit the nail on the head, there. Eventually Tommy left you alone when he realised you'd passed out, and I was quick to bring you to some state of consciousness. Nancy then turned up, of course, and wouldn't stop blabbering about getting you home. I somehow assured her I was sober enough to drive you home safely and now here we are."

Billy opened his arms wide to gesture at the kitchen, Steve raising the cloth back to his head and closing his eyes with a groan. Despite trying to play the experience off as comedic, his heart ached for Steve.

"Y'know you're supposed to be the responsible one," Billy spoke suddenly, causing Steve to open one eye.

"Huh?"

"The adult. The responsible one. The one that people can trust. The babysitter. Anything but the bully."

Billy only just noticed the hand cupping his cheek, slightly damp from the cloth it had been holding.

"Well, you seem like the responsible one to me, Hargrove."

The two looked into each other's eyes and shared a smile. Billy's hands rested gentle on Steve's waist, their faces nearing until they could feel each other's breath hot against their skin. It was Billy to make the first move, pressing his lips against Steve's. But it didn't last long, Steve's other hand soon pushing against Billy's shoulder to break them apart. Their foreheads dropped together, Steve wincing at the hint of pain but not commenting on it.

"So, is the princess getting her hot chocolate?" he asked with a smirk and Billy laughed and he quickly pulled himself away from the brunette.

"Alright, alright, I'll make you your damn drink," he gave in with a grin and wandered to where a few mugs were sat on the counter. By the noise of feet stumbling towards him, Billy correctly guessed that Steve had left the counter and his arms were now wrapped around the taller one's waist, mumbling against his back.

Billy continued as if he didn't have another human being attached to him, stirring the mixture into some milk before putting it in the microwave. When the ding echoed through the air, Billy took the hot mug out of the microwave and cursed under his breath as he did so.

"Careful, it's hot," he warned Steve, who gave him a look before

taking the mug and blowing at the rising steam.

"Thank you," he whispered, moving one hand down to grab one of Billy's fingers he could then drag him back to the living room.

They dropped on to the couch, taking their usual position. Billy sat with legs spread, like a true man he'd say, whilst Steve curled up into his side. His mess of hair tickled Billy's nose as his head rested on his shoulder, Billy's arm stretching around Steve to hold him close.

"Why hadn't we just done this in the first place instead of letting me go to that party?" Steve questioned, Billy just shrugging his shoulders as his finger carted through Steve's locks.

"Maybe because you kept giving me those puppy dog eyes and I couldn't say no?" he teased, and Steve chuckled as he sipped from the mug.

"Maybe..."

"Anyways, on Monday you can fix things up. Apologise to Tommy and I'll let Nancy know that everything's fine, you just can't handle your drink," Billy smirked as he spoke, gaining an elbow to the ribs from Steve but an agreeing nod.

"Fine, but we can't let them think there's anything between us, remember?"

"So, you don't want me to stay the night, Princess?"

"I didn't say that," Steve trailed off, a playful grin on his face. "We just don't let them think you stayed here."

Billy nodded as if it was the most obvious thing in the world and, to them, it was. He leaned his head back against the couch, closing his eyes as he hummed in thought. The two stayed like that for the next few hours, the mug soon emptied and placed on the coffee table. Having just each other felt like enough company for them, not needing anyone else. Two's company, three's a crowd, as the saying goes.

And for Billy, Steve was company. Anyone else was simply a crowd.